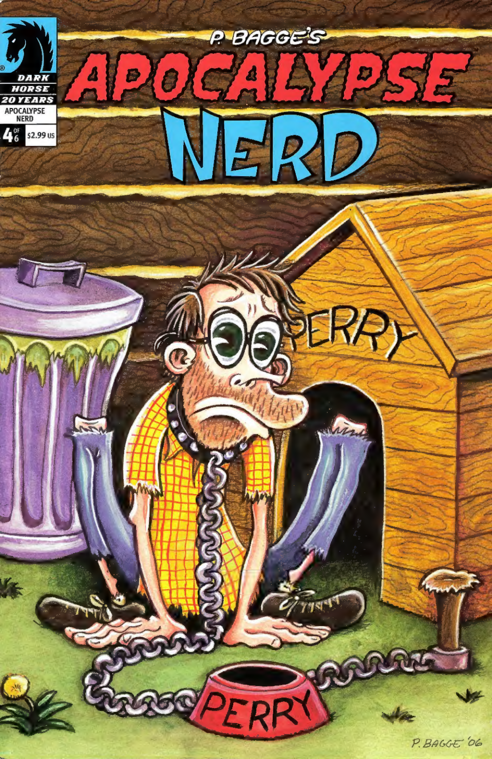

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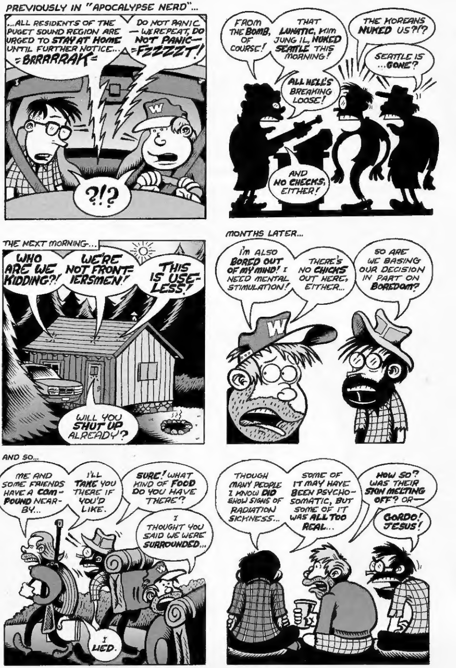

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(BLAH! I KNEW IT! THEY LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF BULL-DYKES!)
NO WONDER THEY'RE "SEPARATISTS"...
(QUIET, GORDO! THEY'LL HEAR YOU!)
(AW, MAN...THEY BARELY EVEN COUNT AS "WOMEN".)
(DYLAN, PLEASE TELL ME THEY DON'T ALL LOOK LIKE THIS...)
(...DYLAN?)
(...OH JEEZ, YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME...)
(HOW DESPERATE CAN YOU GET?)
(FUCK YOU, MAN...)
(I'M A TEENAGER...)
(THIS IS WHAT WE DO...)
WANKA WANKA WANKA
(BUT THEY'RE THE TYPE I THINK ABOUT WHEN I DON'T WANT TO GET AROUSED!)
(AREN'T YOU BETTER OFF JUST USING YOUR IMAGINATION?)
(THIS IS THE ONLY FEMALE FLESH I EVER SEE...)
(...AND MY IMAGINATION NEEDS FUEL!)
(C'MON, GORDO, LET'S GIVE HIM SOME PRIVACY...)
(FINE WITH ME. NOTHING TO SEE HERE, ANYWAY...)
(SEE YOU BACK AT THE CAMP, DYLAN...
ONE MINUTE LATER...
HALP!
?!?
WAS THAT THE KID?

HAVIN' FUN NOW, PERV?
OW! STOP!
I WASN'T DOIN' NOTHIN' —OOF!—
(OH, NO! HE'S BEEN CAUGHT!)
(WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!)
KICK!
(HOW!? THEY'RE ARMED TO THE TEETH!)
...OH, DYLAN! WHERE ARE YOU?
(?!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?)
W-WHY, THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE SCAMP!
WHAT SORT OF MISCHIEF HAVE YOU BEEN GETTING INTO THIS TIME?
OH NO— WE'RE DEAD.
?!
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?
I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION...
IT'S GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO KEEP MY NEPHEW CLOSE TO CAMP...
YOU KNOW HOW YOUNG PEOPLE ARE!
YOU'RE FROM THAT NERD CAMP, AREN'T YOU?
I THOUGHT WE HAD AN "UNDERSTANDING".
OH, WE DO!
AND WE'VE TRIED TO STRESS YOUR RIGHT TO PRIVACY TO DYLAN HERE...
?!?
WELL STRESS HARDER, OR NEXT TIME HE'S REALLY GONNA GET IT!
TRUST ME, LADIES, THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME...
WHO IS SHE?!
3

LATER...
DON'T BOTHER THANKING US FOR SAVING YOUR ASS, DYLAN...
"US"?! I WAS THE ONE WHO—
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!
I HATE THIS PLACE...
AND I HATE MY DAD FOR MAKING ME LIVE HERE!
THAT REMINDS ME, DYLAN—HOW DID YOU WIND UP HERE?
YEAH, LIKE, WHERE'S YOUR MA?
SHE'S IN CALIFORNIA...
THEY HAVE JOINT CUSTODY, SO I GO BACK AND FORTH LIKE A YO-YO...
JUST MY LUCK THE BOMB HIT WHILE I WAS STAYING WITH MY DAD AND HIS LOVER...
"LOVER"?
IS SHE HERE, TOO?
SHE'S A HE. YOU MET HIM. HE'S THE GUY WHO OWNS THIS PLACE.
?!? YOU MEAN McNEELY?
ARE YOU TELLING US THOSE TWO GEEZERS ARE GETTIN' IT ON?
YUP. IT'S GROSS...
AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, I JUST GOT MY ASS KICKED BY TWO WOMEN WHO CAUGHT ME JERKING OFF...
I WISH I WAS DEAD!
SIGH... POOR KID...
IF I WERE HIM I'D KILL MYSELF!
4.

BACK AT "McNEELYVILLE"...
WELP, HERE WE ARE, BACK AT THE NERD CAMP, CLEANING UP CHICKEN SHIT...
MAKE THAT THE "FAG" CAMP.
(SHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!)
WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO, BANISH ME FOR SAYING "FAG"?
I'D PROBABLY BE BETTER OFF IF THEY DID...
THIS PLACE FEELS AWFULLY VULNERABLE, IF YOU ASK ME.
I DISAGREE...
THIS IS A PERFECT SET UP, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...
HOW DO YOU FIGURE?
BECAUSE THEY HAVE EVERYTHING WE NEED RIGHT HERE...
THEY EVEN HAVE ELECTRICITY!
WHAT ABOUT PUSSY?
OH, YEAH... THAT...
OKAY, SO THEY DON'T HAVE EVERYTHING...
—OH, BUT DID YOU SEE THAT ONE GIRL AT THE WOMEN'S CAMP? THE NICE ONE?
WHADAYA MEAN, "NICE"?
MEANING SHE WASN'T ALL MEAN AND SCARY LIKE THE OTHERS...
WAS SHE HOT?
WELL, NOT R—
THEN WHO CARES?
5.

WAIT A MINUTE— ARE YOU THINKING OF TRYING TO HOOK UP WITH THAT CHICK?
NO!
I MEAN, YES, THAT WOULD BE NICE, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT'D BE POSSIBLE.
HEY, YOU NEVER KNOW...
MAYBE McNEELY COULD ARRANGE A GAY+ LESBIAN MIXER BETWEEN THE TWO CAMPS, HA HA!
GORDO! WATCH YOUR MOUTH—
SO, HOW ARE YOU FELLOWS DOING?
HUH? OH, HI, EARNEST... WE'RE ALMOST DONE...
GOT ANY MORE SHIT FOR US TO SHOVEL?
HA HA! NO, THAT'S IT FOR NOW...
HEY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...
AREN'T YOU GUYS WORRIED ABOUT GETTING ATTACKED OR ROBBED?
GORDO!
NO, THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION...
THERE ARE SOME VERY REAL THREATS OUT THERE...
ROVING GANGS AND SUCH...
YOU SEE? I KNEW IT!
W-WHO ARE THESE "GANGS"?
WELL, NOW THAT THE ECONOMY'S SHOT, THE MORE VULNERABLE AMONG US HAVE HAD TO RESORT TO DRASTIC MEASURES IN ORDER TO SURVIVE...
WE'D HAD MANY REPORTS OF THESE "RAIDING PARTIES," MADE UP OF VARIOUS ETHNIC GROUPS...
REALLY?
YOU MEAN LIKE TRIBES?
6

YES, IN A SENSE. SOME ARE MADE UP OF FORMER MIGRANT FARM-WORKERS, WHILE OTHERS JUST CONSIST OF OUT-OF-WORK REDNECKS...
WE'VE EVEN HEARD STORIES OF A BAND OF NATIVE AMERICANS RIDING ON HORSEBACK...
?!?
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
IT'S JUST A RUMOR, BUT IT MAKES SENSE IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, WHAT WITH GAS BEING SO HARD TO COME BY...
WEIRD!
IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME-THING OUT OF A COWBOY MOVIE!
FORTUNATELY, THEY'RE ALL TOO PREOCCUPIED FIGHT-ING EACH OTHER TO BOTHER US SO FAR...
BUT WHAT IF THEY DO? HOW WILL WE DEFEND OURSELVES?
OH, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT. WE SCOUT THE PARIMETER AT ALL TIMES...
AND WE HAVE PLENTY OF AMMO STORED, JUST IN CASE...
WHAT KIND OF AMMO? CAN I SEE IT?
GORDO!
HA HA! SO YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH GUNS, EH?
WE'RE HAVING A DEFENSE DRILL IN A FEW DAYS. YOU CAN MARVEL AT OUR VAST ARRAY OF WEAPONRY THEN...
TAKE CARE, GENTLEMEN!
THERE, YOU SEE? THEY'VE GOT ALL THEIR BASES COVERED!
THIS PLACE IS IMPENE-TRABLE!
SURE, IF YOU OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT WE JUST SNUCK IN AND OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING DETECTED.
THAT'S DIFFERENT! NO ONE WAS LOOKING OUT FOR US...
...SAY, DO YOU THINK THAT STORY ABOUT INJUNS ON HORSEBACK IS TRUE?
WHO KNOWS. I HOPE NOT, FOR OUR SAKES...

THE NEXT DAY...
SMASH!
YAHOO!!!
SOME "IMPENETRABLE FORTRESS" THIS PLACE TURNED OUT TO BE...
WE COULDN'T EVEN GET TO THE WEAPONS CACHE IN TIME!
KA-POW!
GOOD GOD! THIS IS JUST LIKE A SCENE FROM A COWBOY MOVIE!
SOCIETY HAS JUST REGRESSED 125 YEARS!
KA-BLAM!
UGH!
NO!
8.

I DUNNO, PERRY... THIS SITUATION LOOKS HOPELESS...
?!?
"HOPELESS"? HOW SO?
BLAM! BLAM!
I MEAN THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM...
THEY'RE GONNA KILL US ALL, AND THEN CLEAN THE PLACE OUT...
THIS PLACE IS DOOMED!
POW!
GAH!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, THEN?
I DUNNO ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M CLEARING OUT OF HERE...
I WANT OUT, TOO!
BUT, HOW? AND WHERE WILL WE GO?!
I HAVE NO IDEA...
I WOULD JOIN UP WITH THESE INJUNS, BUT I DOUBT THEY'D WELCOME A WHITE GUY...
SMASH!
ARE YOU CRAZY? THEY'RE BARBARIANS!
TRUE, WHICH IS WHY THEY HAVE THE UPPER HAND IN THIS BARBARIC NEW WORLD WE LIVE IN...
MAYBE THERE'S A WHITE GANG WE COULD JOIN UP WITH...
NO WAY!
YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT OF THAT PLAN!
I FIGURED YOU'D FEEL THAT WAY...
WHICH IS WHY I SUGGEST WE SPLIT UP...
?!? WHAT?
19.

LOOK, WE'VE BEEN BUTTIN' HEADS FROM DAY ONE...
AND I DON'T SEE THAT CHANGING ANYTIME SOON...
BUT WE ALWAYS WORK THINGS OUT EVENTUALLY!
WE'RE A TEAM!
BUT THINGS ARE GETTING TOO HAIRY FOR US TO KEEP DEBATING EVERY LITTLE THING...
I SAY IT'S TIME WE GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS...
BUT I DON'T WANT TO SPLIT UP!
NOT NOW!
NOT EVER!
WHAT AM I GONNA DO? WHERE AM I GONNA GO?
I WON'T LAST A DAY ON MY OWN! YOU KNOW THAT!
I DON'T CARE! I'M SICK OF YOU, PERRY!
NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU'VE BECOME A BIG PAIN IN THE NECK...
AND I'M TIRED OF COVERING FOR YOU ALL THE TIME!
YOU COVER FOR ME?! WHY, I—
NO MORE ARGUING!
HERE, TAKE THIS GUN...
?!? WHERE'D YOU GET THAT THING?
WAIT—DIDN'T THIS BELONG TO THAT CABIN OWNER YOU KILLED?
YEAH. YOU WANTED TO CHUCK IT, BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT IT WAS RADIOACTIVE...
BUT NO WAY WAS I GONNA TOSS A PERFECTLY GOOD WEAPON, SO I HID IT IN MY PANTS...
THIS WAS IN YOUR PANTS?
BUT, WHAT IF IT IS RAD—
10.

ENOUGH! JUST GO!
NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE A MAD DASH OUT OF HERE...
?!? I'M NOT GOING OUT THERE!
HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE HOLE IN THE FENCE DYLAN SHOWED US YESTERDAY...
I'LL COVER YOU WHILE YOU RUN...
AND THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL COVER FOR YOU...
PLOP!
GORDO, I—
RUN!
—LOOK! THAT GUY'S GETTING AWAY!
POW! BLAM!
P-TWANG!
RUMBLE
TUMBLE
THUMP!
...SO...
...NOW WHAT?

LATER...
LET'S SEE...
DYLAN'S SPYING HOLE WAS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...
OOH! THERE IT IS
OH GREAT, THEY BLOCKED IT OFF.. FIGURES..
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN HOLE SOMEHOW..
OW! THESE THORNS ARE KILLING ME...
AND TO THINK I'M DOING THIS BASED ON THE UNREALISTIC HOPE THAT THE "NICE" GIRL WILL TAKE PITY ON ME...
I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF SHE IS A "NICE GIRL" SHE MIGHT BE A TOTAL BITCH!
BUT WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? SHE'S MY ONLY HOPE!
OKAY, I'VE GOT A GOOD VIEW OF THE WOMEN'S CAMP FROM HERE...
NOW TO KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR HER — AND HOPE THAT SHE'S ALONE!
BUT FIRST I'D BETTER HIDE MY GUN UNDER HERE...
IT MIGHT ALARM HER IF SHE SEES I'M "PACKING HEAT"...
—OOH! THERE SHE IS!
IT'S AS IF SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR ME!
THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
12.

(PSST! HEY! YOU! OVER HERE!)
?
PAF!
..AREN'T YOU THE MAN WHO WAS HERE YESTERDAY? WITH THE BOY?
WHY ARE YOU BACK HERE? YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO—
I HAD NO CHOICE!
OUR CAMP'S BEEN DESTROYED!
EVERYONE'S PROBABLY DEAD BY NOW, TOO...
IT WAS HORRIBLE!
OH, MY!
AND NOW I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE ELSE TO GO...
SO I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT—
OH DEAR... THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN STAY HERE...
IT'S AGAINST THE RULES!
BUT, I'LL STARVE TO DEATH OTHERWISE!
IF I DON'T FREEZE TO DEATH, FIRST!
OKAY! OKAY!
TELL YOU WHAT...
..I'LL BRING YOU A BLANKET AND SOME FOOD, AND YOU CAN SPEND THE NIGHT OUT HERE...
BUT AFTER THAT YOU HAVE TO LEAVE...
NOOOOOOOOOOO...
YOU'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE IF YOU GET CAUGHT!
WE BOTH WILL!
CAN'T YOU AT LEAST ASK THE OTHERS IF I CAN STAY?
I'M NO THREAT! LOOK AT ME!
LOOK, LET'S DISCUSS THIS MORE TOMORROW...
I NEED TO THINK ABOUT THIS SOME MORE...
OKAY? DEAL?
SIGH
VERY WELL...
13.

NEXT MORNING..
PLEASE LET ME STAY, MADGE! JUST ONE MORE DAY!
NO! WE HAD A DEAL!
AND MY NAME IS MIDGE...
ASK THEM IF I CAN STAY...
NO.
...JUST THROUGH THE WINTER. THEN I'LL—
NO!
THEY'LL JUST SAY NO...
SO NO!
I THOUGHT LONG AND HARD ABOUT THIS ALL LAST NIGHT, AND THERE'S NO WAY THEY'LL LET ANY MAN STAY HERE FOR ANY REASON...
IT'S THE NUMBER ONE RULE AROUND HERE!
HMPF! NO FAIR...
—HEY. WHAT IF I PRETEND THAT I'M WOUNDED?
THEY'D HAVE TO TAKE ME IN THEN, RIGHT?
OOH, I DUNNO.. THEY'D SEE RIGHT THROUGH THAT...
YOU'D HAVE TO BE REALLY HURT FOR THAT TO WORK..
WELL, I AM PRETTY SCRATCHED UP FROM THESE BUSHES, SEE?
PFFT. THAT'S NOTHING.
YOU'D HAVE TO HAVE A BROKEN LEG OR SOMETHING...
—LOOK! A BEAR!
?!? A BEAR?! WHERE?
RIGHT BEHIND THOSE BUSHES...
KEEP LOOKING.. HE'S OVER THERE SOMEWHERE...
OH MAN, THAT'S ALL I NEED NOW...
ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I'M HOMELESS...

LATER...
WHAAH!
IT HURTS SO MUCH!
SOB!
?!? WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
I HEARD HIM OFF IN THE WOODS, SCREAMING IN PAIN...
..HE BROKE HIS LEG FLEEING FROM A GANG OF MARAUDERS WHO DESTROYED THEIR CAMP!
SO McNEELYVILLE IS NO MORE, EH? FIGURES.. BUNCH A WIMPS...
I NEED TO SIT!
HOP HOP
NOW!
STILL, WE BETTER SHORE UP OUR DEFENSES. JUST IN CASE...
...OH GOD... THE PAIN... THE PAIN..
MIDGE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GONNA TRY TO SET HIS LEG...
AND THEN WHAT? START MAKING BABIES WITH HIM?
WE CAN BARELY FEED OURSELVES, LET ALONE A BUNCH OF—
WILL YOU DROP THE HARD-ASS ROUTINE, LYNN?!
WE HAVE A WOUNDED HUMAN BEING HERE!
PLEASE... I DON'T WANT TO BE ANY TROUBLE...
FINE. SET HIS LEG AND SEND HIM ON HIS WAY.
BUT, HE'LL NEED TIME TO HEAL!
HE CAN HEAL SOMEWHERE ELSE!
PLEASE, CAN'T HE STAY TILL HE'S ALL BETTER?
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! AND NO BABY-MAKING, EITHER!
HE'LL BE LIKE A PET!
A PET?
HMMM... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...
OKAY. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR "PET"!
15.

THAT EVENING...
THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT?
WHAT IS?
THEY DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO SLEEP OUT HERE AND EAT OUT OF A BOWL, DO THEY?
OH. NO JOKE, I'M AFRAID...
WELL, LYNN THINKS IT'S FUNNY, BUT YOU HAVE TO DO IT ANYWAY.
SHE'S JUST TRYING TO EMASCULATE AND DEHUMANIZE ME...
...AND IT'S WORKING!
LOOK, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN STAY HERE!
IT'S THIS OR CRAWL BACK UNDER THAT BLACK-BERRY BUSH!
BESIDES, THE REST OF US ARE HARDLY LIVING LIKE ROYALTY...
THIS WHOLE "WOMEN'S CAMP" EXPERIMENT'S BEEN A DISASTER...
I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL GET THROUGH THE WINTER..
YOU? WHAT ABOUT ME?!
I'LL NEVER SURVIVE OUT HERE LIKE THIS...
SIGH I KNOW..
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE IT ONE DAY AT A TIME...
WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT...
BERRY
HOW'S YOUR LEG?
IT STILL HURTS LIKE HELL, BUT IT SHOULD BE OKAY..
THESE WOMEN ARE NUTS...
WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?
16.
TO BE CONTINUED

THE BEANTOWN BOYS
in
"LET'S FUCK SHIT UP!"
SAM ADAMS
PAUL REVERE
BY P. BAGGE ©2006
LET'S NOT!
JAMES OTIS
HOW'S MY HAIR?
JOHN HANCOCK
OH. VERY WELL...
JOHN ADAMS
THE GREEN DRAGON TAVERN, BOSTON, 1770...
THIS ENGRAVING OF THE KING STREET MASSACRE* IS PERFECT, PAUL!
DID YOU DRAW IT YOURSELF?
NO, HANK PELHAM DID. I JUST COPIED IT. .
AND I RUSHED TO PRINT IT UP BEFORE HE GOT THE NOTION TO DO THE SAME!
*AKA: THE BOSTON MASSACRE
I DID ADD A FEW EMBELLISHMENTS, HOWEVER.
THE WAY CAPTAIN PRESTON APPEARS TO BE ORDERING HIS MEN TO FIRE, FOR EXAMPLE...
GOOD! SHOW 'EM FOR THE BLOOD-THIRSTY OPPRESSORS THEY REALLY ARE!
INDEED. MUSTN'T LET THE FACTS GET IN THE WAY OF THE TRUTH...
IS OUR CAUSE SO WEAK THAT WE MUST PLANT EVIDENCE TO RILE UP THE POPULACE?
WE'RE JUST ADDING FUEL TO A FIRE THE BRITS STARTED IS ALL, JAMES...
RIGHT, PAUL?
EH? OH, RIGHT, SAM!
THAT REMINDS ME: DID YOU TALK TO YOUR COUSIN YET ABOUT OUR PROPOSAL?
NOT YET. I'M OFF TO SEE HIM NOW...
GOOD! AND DON'T FORGET HOW SUSCEPT-IBLE HE IS TO FLATTERY!
HA HA!
I LOVE COLORING IN THE BLOOD...
1.

AT THE HOME OF JOHN ADAMS...
WHY SHOULDN'T WE CONTINUE TO RAISE A FUSS ABOUT THE MASSACRE?
WHY, POOR CRISPUS ATTUCKS WAS SHOT DEAD AT POINT-BLANK RANGE...
BAH! "POOR" ATTUCKS AND HIS FRIENDS STARTED IT!
THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF JACK TARS, MULATTOS, AND SAUCY BOYS!
TRUE ENOUGH. AND YOU SHOULD MAKE THAT A KEY TO YOUR DEFENSE.
"DEFENSE"? THEY DON'T NEED DEFENDING! THEY'RE DEAD!
I MEANT THE BRITISH SOLDIERS. THEY'RE THE ONES IN NEED OF A GOOD ATTORNEY.
WHAT?! IF YOU EXPECT ME TO THROW THE CASE—
ON THE CONTRARY. WE WANT YOU TO WIN.
WIN? WHAT ON EARTH FOR?
FIRST OF ALL, THEY DID ACT IN SELF DEFENSE. YOU SAID SO YOURSELF...
AND SECOND, THINK OF THE MESSAGE THIS WOULD SEND TO PARLIAMENT.
I SEE...IT'D BE A MORAL VICTORY FOR OUR SIDE... I LIKE THAT...
AS WELL AS AGAINST THE BRITISH PRESS, WHO LOVE TO PORTRAY US AS BACKWARDS SAVAGES...
BUT, WHAT IF I DO WIN? I'LL BE TARRED AND FEATHERED FOR SURE!
NONSENSE. NO ONE GETS TARRED AND FEATHERED IN THIS TOWN WITHOUT MY APPOVAL.
WHY NOT HAVE OTIS DEFEND THEM? HE'S FAR MORE EXPERIENCED THAN I...
JAMES IS TOO CLOSELY ASSOCIATED TO THE CAUSE. THE GOVERNOR WOULD NEVER ALLOW IT...
BESIDES, YOU'RE THE BEST, JOHN! EVERYONE KNOWS IT!
THIS WAS OTIS'S IDEA, WASN'T IT?
HE PROBABLY TOLD YOU TO FLATTER ME, TOO...
ER, WELL... I...UH... HEH-HEH!
TELL JAMES I'LL DO IT.
I TRUST HIS JUDGMENT IMPLICITLY. HIS INVOLVEMENT ALONE CONVINCES ME THAT OUR CAUSE IS A JUST ONE.
A TOAST! TO JAMES OTIS!
2

THREE YEARS LATER...
THE RICH MAN IS HERE TO SEE YOU, SAM...
TELL HIM TO STEP INTO MY "OFFICE".
THE BUNCH OF GRAPES
H
MR. HANCOCK! TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE PLEASURE?
GOOD GOD, ADAMS. CAN'T YOU AFFORD A REAL OFFICE?
OR WOULD I HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT, TOO?
OH, QUIT COMPLAINING, JOHNNY BOY...
JUST GRAB A MUG AND STATE YOUR BUSINESS.
THE LOBSTERS* ARE BLOCKING MY TEA SHIPMENTS AGAIN, CLAIMING IT'S CONTRABAND...
IT IS CONTRABAND, NOW THAT THEY'VE GIVEN THEMSELVES A MONOPOLY ON THE STUFF.
PONCE!
* THE REDCOATS
PRECISELY! AND SINCE I HAVE NO LEGAL RECOURSE IN THE MATTER, I WOULD LIKE TO VOICE MY DISPLEASURE BY SOME... EXTRA-LEGAL MEANS..
WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?
ME? WHY, YOU'RE THE PUPPET-MASTER. I JUST FINANCE YOUR LITTLE "SHOWS"...
I'M SURE YOU AND YOUR MERRY BAND OF CRIMINALS WILL THINK OF SOMETHING...
THEY'RE CALLED "THE SONS OF LIBERTY."
YES, OF COURSE. MY MISTAKE...
ALL I ASK, AS ALWAYS, IS THAT THERE BE NO BLOODSHED... OR LAWSUITS...
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN, AND TRY NOT TO CONSUME ALL OF THE TAVERN'S PROFITS.
UGH! THIS WINE IS TERRIBLE!
:BELCH:
:SWIG!
HEY, DIDN'T REVERE SAY HE KNOWS WHERE WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON SOME INDIAN COSTUMES?
?

DECEMBER 16th, 1773...
YA-HOO!
HUZZAH!
SPLASH
MY GOODNESS, WHAT A RUCKUS...
›TSK‹. THAT SAM ADAMS... FIRST HE DRIVES HIS POOR FATHER'S BREWERY OUT OF BUSINESS, AND NOW HE'S DRIVING THE WHOLE TOWN CRAZY WITH HIS ANTI-ROYALIST CONSPIRACY THEORIES..
HE IS BEHIND ALL THIS, ISN'T HE?
WHO KNOWS, AUNTIE. PERHAPS.
WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN THERE FOR A CLOSER LOOK?
IT MUST BE QUITE A SHOW...
THAT WOULDN'T DO, AUNTIE. IT'S IMPORTANT FOR ME TO KEEP MY DISTANCE.
AHH, AFRAID YOUR FRIEND THE GOVERNOR WILL CATCH WIND OF IT, EH?
WE'RE HARDLY "FRIENDS" AT THIS POINT, AUNTIE..
I'M JUST TRYING TO REMAIN ABOVE THE FRAY.
›SIGH‹. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WILL COME OF THIS LATEST ROUND OF HOOLIGANISM, JOHN? YET MORE TAXES?
PERHAPS EVEN WAR?
WHO KNOWS, AUNTIE..
WHO KNOWS.
WHAT I DO KNOW IS WHATEVER COURSE THE MAJORITY OF THE PUBLIC IS BEHIND, THEN I SHALL BE AT THE FRONT OF IT!
4.

TWO YEARS LATER...
WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD REPRESENT US IN PHILADELPHIA, MR. ADAMS?
ME! VOTE FOR ME!
WELL, I MYSELF INTEND TO VOTE FOR MR. OTIS.
OOH, I DUNNO, COUSIN...
JAMES HASN'T QUITE BEEN HIMSELF, LATELY.
OH? HOW SO?
HE'S BEEN EXPERIENCING THESE ANGRY FITS WITH MUCH MORE FREQUENCY...
I BLAME IT ON THAT BRITISH TAX COLLECTOR WHO BEAT HIM OVER THE HEAD FIVE YEARS AGO...
I'M NOT SO SURE, SAM. THESE FITS STARTED WAY BEFORE THAT.
TRUE. BUT YOU MUST ADMIT THAT MY EXPLANATION MAKES FOR BETTER PROPAGANDA—
ENOUGH! JAMES OTIS HAS THE FINEST MIND I'VE EVER KNOWN!
I'M SURE HE'S SIMPLY SUFFERING FROM STRESS AND NOTHING MORE!
LATER.
MR. OTIS HAS THE FLOOR...
THANK YOU, CHAIRMAN HANCOCK...
FIRST, I DEMAND THAT GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON GIVE MY FATHER THE JUDGESHIP POST HIS PREDECESSOR PROMISED HIM...
UH-OH.
ER, JAMES, YOU'RE ADDRESSING AN ISSUE THAT'S 15 YEARS OLD...
EXACTLY! AND THIS INSULT MUST COME TO AN END NOW!
NO ONE DISHONORS AN OTIS AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!
WHERE IS THAT SON OF A BITCH!? I'LL TEAR HIS MOTHERFUCKING EYEBALLS OUT!!!
@#$!!
ORDER! ORDER, I SAY!
GOOD GOD! THE LEADER OF OUR CAUSE IS DEMENTED! WE'RE DOOMED!
(PSSST! I'M VOTING FOR YOU, SAM.)
BAM! BAM! BAM!

BEXINGTON, MA, 4/18/1776...
SAM! MR. HANCOCK! WAKE UP!
THE BRITISH ARE COMING!
..HUH? WHUZZAT?
SOUNDS LIKE REVERE..
SOMEONE'S TIPPED OFF THE REDCOATS TO YOUR WHEREABOUTS...
YOU MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!
AGAIN? UGH..
NO MORE RUNNING!
WE MUST STAND OUR GROUND AND FIGHT LIKE MEN!
JOHN, YOU AND I ARE THE MOST WANTED MEN IN AMERICA...
IF THEY CAPTURE US WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD — OR WORSE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR WOMENFOLK? ARE THEY TO KEEP FLEEING AS WELL?
THEY'LL BE SAFE HERE WITH THE MINISTER'S FAMILY...
...SO GET DRESSED AND HEAD STRAIGHT FOR PHILLY— NOW!
SIGH... IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO AUNTIE I SHALL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF...
SHE'LL BE FINE, JOHNNY-BOY...
NOW PUT YOUR WIG ON...
TAKE CARE, GENTLEMEN! AND GOOD LUCK!
IMAGINE, ME, A FUGITIVE WANTED FOR TREASON...
HOW DID IT EVER COME TO THIS?
LIFE CERTAINLY TAKES SOME STRANGE TWISTS AND TURNS...
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD DROP YOUR "COMMON MAN" PERSONA LONG ENOUGH TO RIDE IN MY GILDED CARRAIGE, SAM?
EH, WHY NOT? IF WE MUST FLEE FOR OUR LIVES, WE MIGHT AS WELL DO IT IN STYLE!
END
6.

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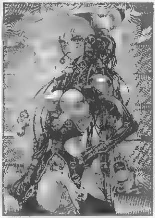

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HORSEPOWER

I LOVE WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER

THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING AN EDITOR in this business—aside from the limos, private planes, and supermodels—is getting the chance to work with people you really, really want to work with. Let's face it, work is work, and even though my office is in a place whose wise policies actually *encourage* Rosario Dawson *Sin City* screen savers, it's still, y'know, *work*. So, you do your best, try not to set the place on fire, and make your plans to work with creators with the Right Stuff.

See, comics companies have specific personalities and talent that fits their personalities. There are Marvel and DC and Fantagraphics people. (I'm told there were Crossgen people but, sadly, they are all dead.) To me, Dark Horse people tend to be an odd lot, talented as all get-out, but not self-absorbed in that talent, capable of knocking your eyes out with their art or head-slapping you with their writing, but knowing that this ain't curing cancer. Swing for the fences, enjoy the game, be grateful you don't clean septic tanks.

But the toughest part about working with people you want to work with is, well, actually getting the chance to work with 'em. You've got no openings when they come knocking, they're committed when you're hat in hand. Which brings us to Sean Murphy.

I first saw Sean's stuff at a convention, and it floored me. He drew well—in spades—but he could *tell a story*. I could look at the pictures, loaded with dynamics and visual drama, and still actually tell what was going on. On top of that, he just plain *got it*. Definitely a Dark Horse guy. But we were never able to work together. I relentlessly pimped his work, which helped him snag a Dark Horse job (on *Crush*, a seriously under-appreciated book), but then he got sucked into other gigs at other publishing houses (some who openly swear allegiance to Satan), including a project he wrote and drew that was absolutely amazing that he never offered Dark Horse. I tried to kill him and failed, and told him I'd finish the job if he didn't bring me his next project.

So, one day out of the blue, Sean sends me the germ of this science-fiction action-comedy he's working on with Zach Howard, another kickass artist whose work incredibly shares the same sensibilities as Sean's. The project, *Outer Orbit*, featured gorgeous art and was gut-bustingly funny, ruder even than I am. Frankly, they had me at "space chicken truck" (probably because I couldn't figure whether this was a load of chickens in a space truck or a truck loaded with space chickens). And there's this preoccupation with thongs. On dudes. (Let us not speak of this again.) But I *had* to get Dark Horse on board, and somehow it happened. I'm not saying compromising photos of management were involved, but I'm not saying they weren't.

Anyway, I finally got a chance to meet Zach at Comic-Con, and damned if he didn't have the Dark Horse mojo. He works for the check when he has to, but deep down, he's all about the thong. I should also mention writer of screen and funny-book Hans Rodionoff, who was brought onto the project by Zach and Sean essentially to keep them from murdering each other. Somebody has to.

And so, my "plans" have come together as they usually do, magnificently, like garbage cans rolling down a hill. Hell, if it was easy, everyone would do it.

—Chris Warner, Señor Editor

DARK HORSE 20 YEARS

October 2006

Dark Horse Comics

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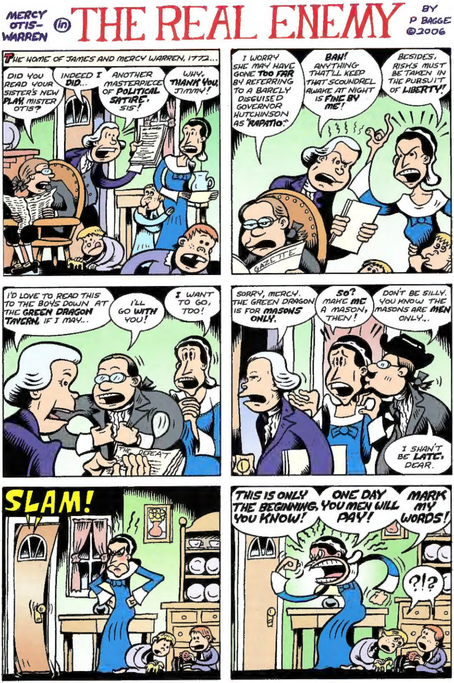

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